

# VALOR

A JOURNAL of INTERPRETATION for STUDENTS of SOULCRAFT

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## Does Harvey's Mystical Broadcast Hold Hidden Meaning for Spiritual Initiates?

SOULCRAFT students up and down the West Coast were electrified on Christmas Eve last, to hear Paul Harvey, news commentator of the American Broadcasting Company, send out a story over CST concerning a mystical Personage who had appeared behind the Speaker in the United Nations Political Committee and counselled the delegates concerning their course in the prevailing Korean situation. Letters and wires came in to Headquarters, asking if it had been a literal happening, and if so, why other news agencies had not carried a story so consequential?

*Valor* has procured the following copy of the broadcast, which it presents in full and which tells its own story. Permission to reprint in full is granted, credits going to Mr. Harvey and his sponsor, the Burton-Dixie Corporation, makers of Sleepproducts.

Obviously it appears to be a symbolical story of what *might* happen any day now in the United Nations. On the other hand, there are certain passages in this transcript that convey a profounder meaning to spiritual initiates. Can you identify them?

Here is Mr. Harvey's splendid broadcast in full—reprinted literally from the CST mimeographed script as typed—



**N**OW . . . something to Slumberon. I want to tell you a Christmas story.

I caution you first . . . that what I am about to say is not founded on fact.

A fact is that which men believe to be true.

The foundation for my story is more certain than that.

If you choose to believe it . . . then it becomes a fact.

Otherwise . . . it is just a Christmas story.

In the case of the principal character in this story . . . I shall, with respect for

the ethics of accurate reporting, quote his words precisely.

Adding nothing.

There was a special session of The United Nations Political Committee summoned at Lake Success by its chairman. In the recess of The Security Council, many nations were represented by their chief delegates. Such was true in the case of The United States . . . Mr. Austin sat for Mr. Dulles, though Mr. Dulles was likewise present.

The United Kingdom was represented by Jebb, sitting for Younger. Vishinsky sat for The Soviet.

Such was the unusual nature of this suddenly summoned secret session that the rows—six deep—of spectator seats around the perimeter of Committee Room Twelve, were empty.

No photographers were on the floor as the delegates filed in.

Certain members of the recording secretariat were seated in the glassed-in translation loft which, I should explain, is about half-way up the high-ceilinged room and is accessible only by a stairwell in the outside hall.

Were that not true, our story might have been different.

The doors were closed at between nine and twelve minutes after seven P. M. The Chair summoned the session to

order at fifteen minutes after seven.

No one could have entered the lower floor without showing his credentials or being otherwise identified. None could have entered after the doors were closed without being seen by the blue-uniformed guards in the hall outside.

They say they were there; they were not distracted; they saw no one.

Yet the meeting had barely been called to order, first in English, then French . . . when a tall, lean man rose to his feet from one of the chairs behind the chairman. A hush came over the oval table.

And Sir Benegal Rau, presiding, thinking at first all eyes were on him, was nudged by a Chair Secretary. He then turned to follow their stare to the face of the stranger who stood behind him.

His first inclination was to signal a guard.

This was a closed session of the committee. It had been plainly summoned as such. But, instead, he spoke:

"You, Sir. Would you please identify your delegation affiliation?"

The lean man was draped in the attire of the East. Not uncommon at Lake Success.

Sandals.

Bearded . . . the beard well-groomed. And a strong prow of a nose.

His lips parted. The last of the hubbub on the floor was suddenly still. And he said: "I have many things to say and to judge of you. I still utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world. And ye shall know the truth."

You could hear the asthmatic breathing of a fat aide completely across that windowless room . . . so still it suddenly had become.

"Why are you, Sir?" Mr. Rau demanded. He had meant to say, "Who are you?" but was momentarily flustered.

The soft, compelling voice that seemed, though without benefit of microphone, somehow to fill the room, continued:

"There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men. With their tongues they have used deceit, the poison of asps is under their lips. And the ways of peace they have not known."

The delegate from Belgium beckoned. Recognized, he said: "Let this man speak. He is here; let him speak."

"May I question the witness?" interrupted Russia's Vishinsky, grinning.

His wit went unheeded from the floor. He fidgeted.

Mr. Rau, testing the stranger, spoke: "Represented here is a great nation which keeps itself apart from the rest of us. Declining to share confidences or to permit its confined people freely to hear us. I fear they will move shortly to silence you, too."

And the stranger: "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light. They make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. The axe is laid unto the root of such trees."

Mr. Vishinsky, stern and unsmiling now, spoke.

It was a long moment before the translation came.

"The Soviet Delegation will not listen to the ravings of this warmonger. This interruption is doubtless some carefully planned and poorly executed plot to depict The Soviet as the aggressor in a war of which we have no part. Is it any wonder Communism in Korea opposes these Imperialists?" He snapped his spectacles from his nose and, with them, indicated in the direction of The United States delegation.

The stranger spoke more sharply now: "Foolish and unlearned questions avoid, knowing that they do engender strifes. If a man strive for masteries, then he is not crowned except he strive lawfully. The days shall come upon thee," he looked squarely at Vishinsky, "that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee and encompass thee round and keep thee in on every side."

"But," interrupted the chairman, "you have touched on the purpose for which this meeting was called. What about Korea? How have we erred there?"

And the stranger said, "If the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."

Mr. Jebb, for The United Kingdom, said, "I think what we all fear most is that any one of us may be next."

And the visitor, still standing, said, "When a strong man, armed, keepeth his palace, his goods are in place."

Mr. Austin was waving the small sign which marked his place.

"The Chair recognizes the delegate from The United States."

"In The United States we are host to enemies in our own house. Agents of another government who plead for mercy, saying that they are loyal to our own government as well."

And the man of gentle grace raised his hand as if to hasten the end of the question, and said, "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation."

"But," said Mr. Austin, "they use our own laws—our own courts—our own freedoms to outwit us."

The stranger replied, "How can one enter a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man?"

"But," Mr. Austin went on, "these among us say they intend only to alter our government by peaceful means . . . to better our economic system . . . to . . ."

Less patient now, the visitor interrupted, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Mr. Austin turned, smiling, to Mr. Dulles.

And the speaker turned toward them . . .

"There is none righteous among you; no, not one! I know thy works. That thou art neither cold nor hot. Because thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched. Beware lest ye, also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness."

Procedure was forgotten now.

The representative from France spoke out: "This same enemy is within my country, demonstrating against our parliament . . . antagonizing our courts . . ."

And the voice replied, "Scatter thou the people that delight in war. Put them in mind to be subject to principalities

and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work. To be not brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men."

Mr. Rau rose from his chair . . .

Turned . . .

"We came here to place the blame for our unrest . . . and you have given each of us a share. What is it, then, that we should do? Abandon our efforts to seek peace?"

And the stranger said, "Let all things be done decently and in order. Be sober and vigilant. Depart from evil and do good. Execute ye judgment and righteousness and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor. It is impossible but that offenses will come; but woe unto him through whom they come. Seek peace and pursue it. And increase your faith. Faith hath subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions."

"You make all this seem so infinitely simple", said Rau.

"Many righteous men", replied the stranger, "have desired to hear those things which ye hear and have not heard them."

"It is not customary", Mr. Rau smiled, "for us to hear wisdom from outside our own chambers. We are inclined, I fear, to feel that all the wisdom of the world is assembled here."

His guest unsmiling, said, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained Angels unawares."

Sir Benegal Rau turned to the assemblage and said quietly, "There is no further purpose in this meeting. This man has answered all our questions."

Then turning to the man, still standing behind him, he said, "You, Sir, thank you." Then, "If . . . if you only could write these things . . . which you have spoken . . . if only you could write them in a book . . . that men of all ages might read them . . ."

It was at that moment, just for a fleeting instant, that the visitor's quiet eyes seemed to flash with sudden anger. Mr. Rau noticed, for he stopped short. Then the anger faded. The eyes were calm again. And somehow sad. And the tall stranger turned to the door. And it was opened for him.

There was no effort made to detain him.

The UN official recording secretary who was in the upper tier translating room and who furnished me with this literal translation of the visitor's words . . . left the booth . . . walked . . . still making notes as he went . . . to the stairs and down to the hall . . . outside Room Twelve.

But thinking the man would be detained, he had not hurried. And the man had not been detained and was said to have left the building.

That is as much as I know.

You know how it is after such an unusual occurrence. There are as many different versions of what happened as

there are witnesses. And as many and varied descriptions of the soft-spoken stranger. One delegate, whom I shall not identify except to say he sits in one of the first of the alphabetically arranged chairs and probably only the chairman, himself, could have seen the visitor better . . . This delegate, whose name you'd know, said, "Such a strange fellow. Was it a tear in his eye? Yet," . . . I'm still quoting . . . "Yet his calloused hand was that of a laboring man. A man of the soil perhaps. Or a carpenter."

And so ends my Christmas Story. If I have not said what I intended, the fault lies in the messenger. Not in the message. For I have quoted the message precisely. Nothing added.

## North Carolina Radicals Refuse to Tolerate Verdict of Indiana Court

### *Pelley Must Continue Battle for Freedom to Satisfy Henchmen for Reds*

THE EDITOR of *Valor* isn't free yet of harassment, annoyance and expense in the matter of the infamous North Carolina extradition proceedings to compel him to return to that State to serve a three-year sentence for publishing a statement of the financial affairs of his corporation in his monthly *New Liberator* of 1932.

December 22, 1950, Judge Tom R. White of the Hamilton County court in which Noblesville is located, decided that there was no obligation on the part of the State of Indiana to return Pelley to the Tar-Heel State while still on parole to the Federal Government, and ordered him freed.

Messrs. Williams, Harkins, Nettles et al, who have prosecuted Pelley assiduously and relentlessly and with the mania of fanaticism since 1934, caused their demands on Indiana for Pelley's person to be renewed on January 21st by ignoring the Judge White ruling that had gone against them, and filing a petition for a new trial of the matter. This petition for a new trial was filed in the name of a sheriff who succeeded the



original arresting officer—an official who, according to Indiana Supreme Court decisions, has no standing whatsoever in the case as the July 3rd action had not named or included him.

But Pelley must fight this new menace to his liberty. The fact that previous decisions of the Indiana Supreme Court have pronounced that only the original parties to an action can file an appeal, does not as yet prevent the action being pursued.

Indiana is one of the few States in the Union that permits officials of a demand-

ing State that has lost in an extradition action to file petition for retrial of the issue if the first attempt is unsuccessful. Legal technicalities allegedly remove it from the domain of double jeopardy, regardless of the fact that the defendant must enter the legal lists a second time and run the hazards of adverse verdict. The business can be pursued, however, by demanding of local Judge White that he grant a rehearing of the case. In the event that he refuses, then his refusal is appealed. All of which means the defendant must answer the assailment in the Indiana high court.

The Attorney General of North Carolina, upon hearing that Judge White had refused that State commitment of Pelley's person, requested the Attorney General of Indiana to press for a retrial of the issue. The Attorney General of Indiana complied, to the extent of impressing the new sheriff of Hamilton County—in no wise a party to the original action—to challenge Judge White's January 22nd ruling. Likewise a new incumbent in the County Prosecutor's office as of January 1st was inveigled into preparing the necessary papers. The reasons given by North Carolina for this action were: that White had decided the case on insufficient evidence and contrary to law.

On January 20, two days before the appeal limit had expired, Prosecutor Neal of Hamilton County "got under the wire" with the requisite petition.

**S**HERIFF Carey Davis, who unlawfully arrested Pelley on his return to Noblesville on February 14, 1950, went out of office on December 31. So did the then-prosecutor Campbell. A new sheriff by the name of Guilkey took Davis' place, and a young woman prosecutor named Neal took Campbell's place. In the original action, which Judge White decided, none but former sheriff Carey Davis was defendant in the action. The Indiana Supreme Court decisions specify that none but specific parties to such an action can either appeal or ask for retrial. The State of Indiana was *not* a party to the original action. None but former Sheriff Carey Davis could legally ask for a hearing on the issue. But apparently such trivialities of law cut no

figure with the satraps of radical tinge behind this affair in North Carolina. They want Pelley back where they have legal custody of his person. That means the Road Gang for the editor of *Valor*.

And yet Pelley must continue fighting this legal fiction.

**T**HE QUESTION in the minds of Pelley and his counsel is recognition of the proper moment at which to strike back at the parties who, by their own newspaper attestments, have been responsible for this prosecution from the first. There has been nothing of a criminal nature involved in the proceedings charged against the editor of *Valor*—although criminal actions were charged against him. Running the financial statement of one's corporation may technically violate a statute and in such sense be legally criminal, but no moral laws, or statutes against the public peace, are thereby broken. The prosecution in this instance has been strictly political, or prosecuted for political reasons.

Pelley is this week taking counsel with his outstanding supporters about the nation, to ascertain how far they will back him in opening up both the 1935 Carolina case and 1942 Federal case, and perchance winning him exonerations from both.

North Carolina was not disposed to abide by an Indiana Judge's decision in the matter. After 16 years, radical vindictiveness persists. There seems to be but one way to administer them the chastisement they solicit, and that is to make a public issue of both cases, disclosing the identity of the principals in both affairs.

An expression from *you* as a current Soulcrafter is solicited on this issue.

#### Likewise North Carolina

**A** VERSATILE real estate salesman of west Texas had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of that part of the country to a prospect from the East.

"All west Texas needs to become the garden spot of the world," he said, "is good people and water."

"Huh," replied the prospect, "that's all Hell needs."

## MAGIC CASEMENT SERIES SCORING

### Chapels Triple Over Twenty States to Hear Predictions about Tomorrow's Feats



**F**IVE MAGIC Casement broadcasts have now been made to Soulcraft Chapels. In those five weeks, starting with December 31st, the number of Chapels has *tripled*. They are now holding regular Sunday evening meetings in Maine, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Utah, California, Oregon and Washington. New Chapels have been opening recently at the rate of ten a week.

The first *Magic Casement* broadcast—delineating from psychical sources what tomorrow's development's and achievements are to be—concerned major inventions and alterations coming in America and the world within the next two to three decades. Some of the inventions and improvements in the photo-cell and electronics were described, including a contrivance that shall go back in time and pick up the sounds that we uttered last week, last month, last year, last century, back over the centuries themselves, so that humankind may recapture the living voices of the illustrious dead.

**T**HE SECOND broadcast had to do with *The Great Man of the Skies*, or stellar psychics, showing that Man in his earth-state follows the same design in his spiritual development as Cosmos follows in its celestial development.

The third broadcast had to do with *Prophecy*, and where the information comes from that enables mystics and seers to read the future clairvoyantly. Particularly were great cosmic vacuums in ether described, in which are reflected "pictures" of events still to be.

The fourth broadcast gave outline of the Leadership of the future, and who the great souls of past times are, that have come back into mortality to reshape society in the Aquarian times that are open-

ing. Some of the names are electrifying.

Broadcast Five contained a long and illuminating transcript, allegedly from the intelligence of the immortal Lincoln, reviewing the classifications of human activity—starting with Economics and ending with Religion—that are due to feel the effects of the Aquarian influence most dramatically, and forecasting the complete renovations of Theology when science proves beyond all challenge that the only Death is death of physical body.

Broadcast Six treats of this change in Religion more fully, expounding the advanced nature of men's beliefs under Aquarius and the invention of electronic devices that shall turn the thought-speech of the so-called Departed into audible sound.

**A**LL of these broadcasts are dramatic, gripping, and illuminating. During February they will expound alterations that are coming in Esthetics and Economics—after the Communist menace has been laid.

Soulcraft students listening to these discourses are gaining a great new vista of the significances of human life as man progresses into the 21st and 22nd centuries. The predicted realignments of the nations of the world are treated under the head of Civics.

Here is information of a startling and compelling nature that alters the entire viewpoint of the student who cannot think beyond present international turmoils.

*If you haven't a wire or tape recorder, get one, and write for these reels to start coming through to you. They only cost you what you're able to contribute for them.*

It's up to you.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL

**F**OUR-year-old Doris was getting ready for bed. Suddenly she turned to her mother and asked, "Mother, are we going to move tomorrow?"

"Yes, dear. This is the last night you will sleep here."

"Then," said Doris, kneeling dutifully beside her bed, "I'd better say goodbye to God now, if we're going to move to Boston in the morning."

# A Dog Is a Wolf that Has Come Under the Influence of Love . .



**H**ERE is something mystical about a dog.

No one knows from exactly what strain of four-footed creatures he evolved. There is no analogous creature among the four-footed species but the wolf, and it is with difficulty that the wolf is traced. Whether the wolf is a wild dog is debatable, but one thing we do know, the dog is a living demonstration of what happens to a ferocious and predatory beast when exposed over a long development of genera to the personal love of Man.

Love in its transforming power is evidenced in the dog. He can transcend the affection which man displays toward him.

Early in the Editor's career of exploration into these higher cosmic principles, a strange and significant anecdote came to his attention.

On a large estate on Staten Island, N. Y. lived a wealthy recluse, known for his taciturn and unneighborly ways. No servants would abide with him, and his only companions in his advanced age were two mammoth police dogs. They roamed the property inside the fence and permitted no intruders to come near the residence.

**O**NE NIGHT, in his seclusion, the owner passed away of a heart attack. The authorities had reason to believe his dead body was enshrouded in the residence and should be brought forth and embalmed. But the dogs posed a problem. Their savagery in this particular situation was uncontrolled. The police were faced with the dilemma that to gain access to the house they must shoot the fanatical animals, always taking the chance they would be killing the livestock of a wealthy and influential

citizen whose demise was not yet established. What to do about it? No officer would venture through the gate with those ominous animals watching them vigilantly.

But nearby in the neighborhood resided an advanced esoteric student in the person of a New York businessman. He learned of the quandary the policemen were facing and went to the premises.

"I'll go in and find out if Mr. Blank is dead," was his quiet announcement.

"Do these dogs know you?" the officers demanded.

"No, I can't say they do. I know a way all the same to render them harmless."

"Some sort of gas-bomb or drugged meat?"

"Certainly not. The practice of certain principles you mightn't understand."

"The practice of certain principles!" scoffed the officers. "We're warning you, you're taking your life in your hands to climb over this fence."

"No, I don't think I am."

Mr. Hunt climbed the fence. This is what happened—

**T**HE DOGS at the top of the lawn saw what he had done and came bounding down the slope, eyes reddened with malice, teeth bared for attack. They did not bark at the intruder—an ominous indication. Hunt stood his ground.

He waited until the animals were almost upon him and crouching for a spring on him. In the quiet voice of the spiritual initiate, he addressed them with an utterly incomprehensible statement to

(Continued on Page nine)

# VALOR

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Published every little while by Soulcraft Chapels at Noblesville, Indiana, and sent to students of the Soulcraft Scripts. Address all communications—

SOULCRAFT CHAPELS

Box 192

Noblesville, Indiana

## Explanation

**E**VERY little while some new-comer in the Soulcraft instruction queries Headquarters somewhat thus—

How could anyone—meaning the Editor—"who sends out such superbly altruistic material as distinguishes the Scripts," ever have sponsored such an organization as the one-time Silver Legion "with its doctrines of hate and intolerance"?

The inquiry, of course, cannot be answered in a paragraph. But answered or unanswered, the initial fact is plain that such correspondents have not obtained their information from following the editor's writings while the Silver Legion existed. They have gotten them from commentators on the editor's activities, who wished the public to believe certain things about him to minimize his influence.

The Editor suspended his esoteric writings to devote ten to fifteen years of his career of enlightening the people of this nation about the subversive interests weaseling into our government, readying themselves for positions of strategic influence in the times now upon us. He did this ten to fifteen years in advance of the nation's present vigilance in respect to Fifth Columnists. And for that he was penalized with eight years imprisonment.

If the Editor be guilty of "hate and intolerance" in conducting The Silver Legion, every American today—including his correspondents—is guilty of hate and intolerance in resenting the agents of Stalin working surreptitiously to undermine and wreck our free way of life.

The situation is similar to a citizen ob-

serving a robber forcing his way into the home of a neighbor. The robber might scream that the citizen was guilty of hate and intolerance toward him for calling the police.

Let such correspondent be aware that the favorite smoke-screen for such public miscreants ten to fifteen years ago—in fact, down into recent months when the behavior of the Soviets grew so obnoxious in the United Nations—was to set up a din and clamor, charging all publicists who were "onto" their identities and methods, as being engaged in similar activities to those they were pursuing themselves.

It is all water under the bridge now, and the Editor has said all he desires to say about the clandestine and mischievous interests that are being everywhere dragged into the light.

The only hate and intolerance of which the Editor feels himself guilty was hate and intolerance toward wrongdoing, secret plottings, and unhallowed maneuverings to put the Alger Hisses of the country in positions of authority.

You don't compromise with evil—you crush it. If you're able.

When Christ "told off" the Sanhedrin's members as being "of the Synagogue of Satan", was He showing hate and intolerance or was He not?

The shoe is truly on the other foot in respect to these correspondents. Would they have the intestinal fortitude to help warn the nation of corruptionists and marplots at a personal cost of eight years imprisonment?

## Headache



**N**ORTH CAROLINA is determined not to let the Pelley case die or be lost through default. When Sheriff Carey Davis, the only lawful defendant in the action that resulted in Pelley's favor, was apprised of Judge White's decision, he served notice he would *not* appeal it, he put Mrs. Davis into his motorcar and let for a month's vacation. That eliminated the only party who had lawful right to appeal.

In his absence, and with no authority in law, the two States involved, through

their respective Attorney Generals, persuaded Mr. Davis's successor to take up the cudgels in their behalf. This successor, Sheriff Guilkey, has no more legal standing in the case than the Indiana Governor's pet spaniel—if he has a spaniel. Neither does Indiana itself, never having been a defendant in the original habeas corpus.

Yet these principals go ahead anyhow.

Judge Zebulon V. Nettles was prohibited by the North Carolina statutes from interesting himself in Mr. Pelley's status after he had been elected County Judge, the said Honorable Zeb having been a prosecutor at the original trial. Yet almost his first act upon donning the judicial robes was to issue a *caus* to have Pelley located, brought in, and "examined" . . .

He had no more legal standing to do such a thing than the North Carolina Governor's pet spaniel—if he has a spaniel.

Yet the Hon. Zeb went ahead anyhow.

If the Indiana High Court orders Pelley tried again on his habeas corpus before another Judge, it amounts to a defendant being placed twice in hazard for the same alleged malfeasance—if anyone knows what it was.

Everybody goes ahead anyhow, excepting the citizen-defendant.

If Pelley has to go before another Judge and is cleared a second time, North Carolina can appeal for a third trial, and a fourth and a fifth, until finally a Judge is reached who will decide against defendant. It practically boils down to whose resources last longest.

Well, Pelley is still fighting.

He can show himself just as tough and obdurate as his antagonists.

But what a bothersome headache! The whole of it!

## Prophecies



**S**OULCRAFT Chapels are multiplying rapidly. The cause? The "pull" of the *Magic Casements* broadcasts. People do want to know what lies ahead—for the individual as well as for the nation. And from all indications, after a

month of them, the reels are delivering. With the broadcast of a psychical message starting nineteen years ago predicting the atom bomb, atomic energy, vest-pocket radio and television, the same prophetic text went on to describe a device that shall shortly be perfected for going back into the years that have fled and picking up the sounds of voices of celebrated persons long since passed into history. As if this were not eery enough, another invention just around the corner is an electronic device that shall render thought-speech vocal, so that those who have "passed beyond the pale" shall be enabled to address the living with audible voices. And these things will mature, say the discarnate authors of the Scripts "after Russia has been thrashed, cut to pieces, and the common citizens of the Russians liberated from the evil forces now holding them in thrall."

It is by side comments on these greater and more permanent matters that we learn in these Scripts of the outcome of practical international affairs. *Magic Casements* (opening on vistas of tomorrow's achievements) is not a series of clairvoyant fortune-tellings for the peoples of the nation. They treat of developments, alterations in society, and social and cultural improvements that lie ahead. The "fortune-tellings" come by implications.

We are but scratching the surface of "out of this world" inventions, apparently, by our current explorings into the marvels of the radio shortwave, the sensitivity of the photo-cell, and the science of electronics.

It is because these are not strictly tenets of esoteric doctrine of themselves, that they are put in special broadcasts and not included in the Scripts.

The Soulcraft Doctrine considered at the end of, say, two years or so of Scripts, will present a fully rounded and developed thesis of life and of psychics, offering a complete curriculum of metaphysical enlightenment. The tenets of Soulcraft will stand as substantial and reliable a hundred years from today as they do this February in 1951. The *Magic Casements* apply to the present period in our affairs only.

Both are essential, however, to a full understanding of mortal life as we know it. They only elucidate different aspects.

## Recorders



Y the way, it is necessary to impress on all Soulcraft students acquiring tape recorders to play the *Magic Casement* discourses, to purchase machines that run  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches of tape per second across the sound-heads. Machines that speed the tape at the rate of seven inches per second will render the discourses in sounds that resemble the quackings of Donald Duck.

All sorts of recording machines, using both wire and tape, are offered on the market, but the best wire machines for the Soulcraft discourses are either the *Webster 288* or the *Crescent*, and for the tape machines, the *Revere*. The *Revere* takes a 5-inch reel of tape that plays on both edges. It requires a twenty-second intermission to reverse the reels but the break is not of consequence.

Persons buying any sort of sound recorder merely because it operates on the electronic principle, are taking the chance of acquiring a contrivance that will not play the Soulcraft reels at all. Legion have been the cases where machines have been procured and the first reels come to hand from Noblesville, only to prove non-workable. Furthermore, machines that turn too fast will quack like Donald as aforesaid, and machines that turn too slow will drop the speaker's voice down to the cellar or basement.

The *Webster 288*, *Crescent*, or *Revere* should duplicate Mr. Pelley's voice in clear, rich, natural tones and the music should come out without blemish or static. Initial "bugs" are being ironed out gradually as we experiment further with the possibilities of these machines, and we are endeavoring by testing each reel for tone and imperfections to send out as nearly perfect reels as possible.

Lastly, if you own a machine using wire, your spools should rewind smoothly and straightly—that is, the wire on the reel-core should have straight, tight, up-and-down edges, not rewind in a cone. If you get the cone rewinding, your mechanism is not performing accurately and you are inviting breaks and snarls, ruining the reel. Faulty brakes on your wire-rewinding mechanism can give you more trouble than any other feature on



## THE FOG

A BEST-SELLING NOVEL

By William Dudley Pelley

**T**HE FOG tells the story of the difficulties of an ordinary American boy, groping his way through the mists of adolescence to find his place in the world and overcome the handicap of a stupid, inhibited parentage.

FIRST published in 1921, it quickly became a best-seller for that year, going into seventeen printings and two foreign editions during 1922, including the Scandinavian. Later it became a movie starring Mildred Harris and Cullen Landis.

THERE was a reason for this overwhelming success. Critics called it the most scathing indictment of parental stupidity ever penned. "How not to bring up children" described its theme in a phrase. Thousands read into the experiences of Nathan Forge their own quandaries and harassments. And it offered a picture of small-town American life that can never come again.

THERE are 500 closely printed pages in *The Fog*, and the author bought the original plates and struck off a reprint edition in 1940. Of this edition 127 copies on white paper in grey cloth covers now remain. There are no esoterics in the theme of this book. It is purely and unabashedly a novel, but its uplift in its climaxes is tremendous.

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Noblesville, Indiana

your machine. They cause an uneven jerk on the wire, snapping it.

But for tape recorders, remember  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches per second, or 225 inches a minute.

## Dawgs

**T**HE EDITOR'S hobby is dawgs. A dawg is a slightly different creature than a dog. A dawg is a bundle of four-footed love and devotion, trying to get through life by the exercise of a tail as eloquent as he can manage. Usually his dawg-thoughts have gotten him a wistful pair of eyes and not a few

battle scars. Furthermore, a dawg inevitably wants to belong to somebody. A dog is just a term in a dictionary, meaning the creature is not a cat, a porcupine, a giraffe, or a hippopotamus.

In Noblesville lives—somehow—a coterie of dawgs who pass the word along to other dawgs that down at the Soulcraft plant at the western end of Pleasant Street is a soft-hearted old duffer who will fall for any sort of tail-wag that gets them a snack—if the tail-wag be earnest. Some of these dawgs decide the snacks are better at the Soulcraft plant than at home—if they have a home.

So they rally 'round.

Emma, a moth-eaten pooch of German Shepherd breed, wobbled in one day in the summer of 1950 in the final stages of an acute obstetrical case and before the Staff was aware of it she had multiplied herself by six.

All stayed.

Fritz, another German Shepherd, saw how well his frau was faring and decided to get in on it. You could take a look in his docile earnest eyes, note his windmill tail, and do one of two things: go for the Pard and dawg-biscuit, or burst into tears.

The Editor went for the Pard and dawg-biscuit.

Emma has now become an institution at Headquarters. She has lost her bedraggled, someone-done-me-wrong look, grown a sleek coat, and follows at the Editor's heels like something attached to the end of an untied shoe-lace.

Her family is a problem. Long since her family is a problem. Furthermore, she has another family on the way and that will be another problem along about Lincoln's Birthday.

*Does anyone want a Soulcraft dawg?*

There are four of Emma's 1950 progeny in the Soulcraft kennel—with six to eight more in prospect. Why does the Editor stand for this sort of thing? Well, one reason is, perhaps, that we migrants from Sirius parachuted down on this planet during Miocene times and appropriated the place—if we hadn't done that, it would be a dawg planet at this moment. So it's nice to be decent to the creatures whose planet we filched. Besides, these indigenous creatures aren't disposed to hold it against us, providing

once in a while we scratch their ears. And not forget the Pard at twelve sharp, please.

The second reason is, the Editor is doubtless a hound for punishment.

Oh, well.

There are four dawgs of Emma's first litter barking joyously when twelve-sharp-please comes on the indigenous calendar each day, and they eat with four tails oscillating frantically. Two are true German Shepherds—tawny of color, standing about 15 inches high, with dispositions of dawg-angels. Two are coal black, one with white markings (Tux for Tuxedo) and Gaiters (because of his four brown feet).

The Editor, being a hound for punishment, will pry the small-change loose from his personal budget to ship one of these Lumps-of-Love into any home that isn't located further away than the Hawaiian Islands. And do it prepaid. As children's pooches they are just what the doctor would order if he dared.

*Does anyone want a Soulcraft dawg?*

Anyhow, as a hobby it does beat collecting old china, raising skunk cabbage in kitchen windows, or pounding one's thumb with a hammer just to find out if it hurts.

Emma has thrust her moist muzzle four times into the Editor's hand since he began this effusion. It seems to give her satisfaction to do this. Fritz usually sleeps until the end of a Soulcraft broadcast and then thumps his tail on the rug. He appreciates good metaphysics.

Write or wire that you'll take one of the pups, and do your duty by the species whose planet you undoubtedly helped steal.

It will be Cosmic Compensation.

Doggone.

**HIS RELATIVES** telephoned the nearest flourist. The ribbon must be extra wide, with "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The flourist was away and his new assistant handled the job. There was a sensation when the flowers turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide indeed, and on it was inscribed—

*"Rest in peace on both sides, and, if there is room, we shall meet in heaven."*



## A DOG IS A WOLF

(Continued from Page 5)

the tense spectators by the gate—

"I recognize the Christ in you dogs," he said to them. "The Christ in you will not attack the Christ in me. I'm here to help you in your problem with your master." And he waited, calm and serene for the animals to get it.

Miracle of miracles, something altered in the dogs. Instead of springing, they froze. An expression of puzzlement came in their eyes. Watchers by the gate—who were also auditors to the whole of it—saw them hesitate, drop their air of ferocity, and start to whimper. Hunt extended his hand to them in utter fearlessness again—or should we say faith in his "principles"?

The next moment they were bounding and leaping around him with short yelps as in welcome. They turned with a last warning growl to the stupefied spectators and then accompanied Hunt to the mansion, offering no resistance but only watching interestedly as he broke a door open and went into the interior. The master was discovered dead in his bed and his body brought forth.

Hunt took charge of the two animals, and they went docilely and affectionately home with him. He still possessed them when the Editor knew Hunt in person in New York in 1932.

"I recognize the Christ in you dogs!"

Let the cynical say it was the strong thought-impulses of fearlessness that the dogs sensed and respected. All the same, the thing happened.

Would it savor of the maudlin to put it that every affectionate dog is a wolf with the Christ in him recognized?

At least there's a moral in the incident somewhere.

Let he among you who is without faith, cast the first stone at it.

**T**HE TOWN'S religious zealot, passing Farmer Jones, called, "Brother, have you made your peace with God?"

"What say?" asked Jones,

"I asked you, have you made your peace with God?"

"Oh," said the other, "we ain't come to no open break yet."

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## **DRAG**

A NOVEL of New England small-town life back in the 1920's, by the Recorder of the Soulcraft Scripts—that became one of the first "sound" films made in Hollywood. Just a mirthful narrative of a Vermont boy who found himself married to his bride's entire family. The Press has more than \$2,000 involved in this book which it could use to advantage in the promotion of Soulcraft. If you haven't read DRAG, add it to your next book order. The price per copy is \$2.50 cloth.

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## The Story of a Quest for Proofs of Survival

# "WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"



**D**O YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? Have you ever had any experience with manifestations of disembodied intelligence? If you are skeptical of survival of the human personality, what evidence would you require to be submitted to you, convincing you that human souls are more alive after shedding their bodies than they were while occupying them? *Are you open to conviction?*

EVER since boyhood, the man who later was to project the great doctrine of SOULCRAFT had encountered supernatural experiences in his life that could not be accounted for by rational explanations. With maturity these increased. The strangest of coincidences happened in his affairs. With the opening of World War I, he got his first irrefutable evidence of survival of a soul after death of body, when his deceased brother-in-law "communicated" with him after losing his life in the American armed forces. Since that episode, supernatural evidence of Survival has been constant and overwhelming—culminating in 1940 with the full-grown and substantial materialization of his oldest daughter Harriet, attesting to her identity by her knowledge of his life and intimate family affairs.

## 302 Pages of Manifest Evidence

FINALLY, in 1942, the author put the whole uncanny story between one pair of covers. Starting from his own skeptical beginnings in psychical matters he traced his progress in making himself familiar with all phases of the supernatural, not overlooking the cultivation of his own clairaudient powers that resulted in his recordings of the transcendent Scripts of SOULCRAFT. He called this frank and startling book: *Why I Believe the Dead Are Alive!* It is a book that belongs in the hands of every student of SOULCRAFT, that he may be thoroughly conversant with the mystical happenings that brought the SOULCRAFT doctrine into present-day human thought. Ignore its findings you cannot. It shares honors with Flammarion's *Haunted Houses* for its incontestable evidence and wealth of detail.

**WE HAVE 164 copies of this book in deluxe leatherette binding for sale at \$4 the copy, and 644 copies of the clothbound edition on white paper stock at \$2.50 the copy. Address—SOULCRAFT PRESS, INC., Box 192, Noblesville, Indiana**

## Challenges Rhine that Reds Can Be Demolished by Ideas

**T**HAT articles in *Valor* are at least thought-provoking is attested by the following copy of a letter mailed to Dr. Rhine of ESP experiments in Duke University in South Carolina after his recent newspaper statements about combatting Communism, which *Valor* reprinted—

January 4, 1951

Dr. J. B. Rhine,  
Dep't. of Psychology,  
Duke University,  
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Sir:

Some ten days ago I saw in the *Daily Press* what purported to be an interview with Dr. Rhine and headed "America Has Weapon to Split Soviet Union". The identical article appears in *Valor* dated December 18, 1950. With the following quotation I find myself in hearty agreement, i.e.,

"It reduces to this: The Communists are fighting a crusade for a conception of human life. It is either right or wrong, and we must prove them right or wrong. The answer to ideas is ideas, not bullets nor bacteria nor bombs."

But in my humble opinion the exact context of Dr. Rhine's interview wherein it is stated, "all we can rightly claim is that there is some sound scientific evidence here that a materialistic conception of man does not encompass (the whole truth). We don't know yet how far it will take us, but we do not need to know at this stage. It is sufficient both for us and for the Soviet theorist to know that he is wrong," does not support the heading, "America Has Weapon to Split Soviet Union".

But if extra-sensory disclosures can win the war that certainly seems to be rapidly approaching, then surely the disclosure published over the initials, C. A., Ohio of *Valor* of Dec. 18, plus the disclosure to me in August, 1943, of a starry-sword extending across the northern sky, plus the numerous disclosures to Mr. Pelley as published in his works, would seem to be sufficient evidence to prove the error of Soviet Philosophy of Materialism. The common trouble with all of them is that none other than the man

witnessing the "disclosure" believes there were any such "disclosures". And furthermore the old adage, "seeing is believing" is not quite accurate. For instance, I did see the starry-sword in the sky on an evening in 1943. I have every reason to believe that others saw the same thing and at the time said openly that newspapers would carry pictures of it but alas, nothing of the kind developed. What explanation can we then make to those who did not witness or did not see? Is there not a fatal abyss between us? I give Mr. Pelley credit for absolute sincerity and extend the same feelings to "C. A." of Ohio, but possibly only because I, personally, have witnessed the unexplainable. But to me the disclosure was not 'extra-sensory' but entirely on the sense of sight. We are therefore confronted with the same skeptical audiences as were confronted by Daniel et al. The answer is that all such proofs taken together are inadequate to destroy the philosophy of materialism either here or abroad.

Yours sincerely, D. H.

### Out of the Daily Mail

"ENCLOSED is \$5. Please send me the book GOLDEN SCRIPTS. I have read the book through, from cover to cover, five times. I borrow it from a friend, but he values the book so highly that I cannot bring myself to ask for it as often as I would like to. I've just hoped and prayed that some day I could have one of my own. I'm desperately in need of the comfort and peace of mind it gives one. I pray I'm not too late and you still have some left."

"PEOPLE I do not know and are not with us—different cults and isms entirely—became very interested in *Ivory Scripts* . . . So I've given out all the cards you sent me and they are eager for more. So kindly send me some more. I can use them."

"THROUGH the kindness of NH I've been privileged to read some of the copies of Soulcraft. Deeply impressed. At last have discovered someone with kindred thoughts and experiences."

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Soulcraft Press, Inc.

Noblesville, Indiana

### **THE PAY-OFF**

**A** BOY with a pea-shooter ran out of ammunition, and discovered a box of compound cathartic pills, tried one. To his great joy, they fitted. Nearby was a church parsonage. Each Tuesday noon a big pan of custard was placed upon the windowsill to cool. From his vantage-ground in the window of his own house, the boy shot most of the pills into the custard.

Never again did the custard appear on Tuesday or any other day.

**A**N AMERICAN tourist and his wife, after their return from abroad, were telling of the wonders they had seen at the Louvre. The husband mentioned with enthusiasm a picture which had represented Adam and Eve and the serpent in the Garden of Eden, in connection with the eating of the forbidden fruit. The wife interjected the remark—

“Yes, we found the picture most interesting. Most interesting indeed. You see, we knew the anecdote.”

**T**HE CHILD reported, “Uncle Jack took us to a picture gallery and there was a picture of a lot of early Christians, poor dears, who’d been thrown to a lot of lions and tigers, who were devouring them.”

“Uh-huh,” agreed Ethel, “and there was one poor tiger, Mommy, that hadn’t got a single Christian.”

**T**HE MINISTER accosted the new boy in the neighborhood. “Well, sonny,” he inquired, “I trust I’ll see your family soon in my church?”

“No, sir. You’ll never do that.”

“Won’t I? Aren’t you Christians?”

“Yes, sir. But we b’long to another abomination.”

**T**HE YOUNG daughter of a radio announcer was called upon to say grace at a family dinner. She bowed her head and said in loud clear tones:

“This food, ladies and gentlemen, comes to you through the courtesy of Almighty God!”